The Independent.

Deboted to Agriculture, Mechanics, Arts, News, and General Literature.

J. W. ROBERTS, Editor and Proprietor. OSKALOOSA, KANSAS, WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1860. VOLUME 1. NO. 3.

Pictures of Life.

THE LEAP YEAR PARTY.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"Cousin," said Madge Carlton, suddenly breaking off in the middle of a merry song, "cousin Grace, I am going to give a leap year ball."

"A leap year ball?"

"Yes, this is leap year, so I mean to have some fun out of it. I will issue invitations for a ball to the ladies; each one shall then select the gentleman she will escort, call for him, bring him here, furnish his bouquet, and give him her arm to enter the room. The ladies shall invite the gentlemen to dance, make love to them, pass the refreshments at supper, and finally escort the "dear creatures' home."

"It will be splendid! Of course there is no objection made to a serious proposal, if any of the ladies are so inclined?"

"Not at all. Now to make a list, and then get pa to consent. Come!"

Madge Carlton was the gayest little brunette that ever fluttered, butterfly-like, amongst the flowers of society. Madge was an heiress, a coquette, not a flirt, for she would not intentionally have wounded any one for worlds; but she could not help being pleased with attention, and showing she was pleased. Madge was tiny, beautiful, sparkling, loving, and lovely.

Madge Carlton had two lovers. Of admirers she had a score; but there were two men who had made it the first object of their life to love this bright little Madge. One loved hopefully, earnestly endeavoring to win a return. The other loved sadly, silently, not daring to woo the tiny fairy.

Harry Wells was handsome, talented, rich, a good dancer, a perfect gentleman, and a gay idler in fashion's haunts.—Lawrence Hayes was also talented, but quiet and reserved. He had been Mr. Carlton's clerk for seven years, and had loved Madge when she was a winsome school girl. He never made love to his idol. He was poor, shy, and proud; and could not stoop to try to win the heiress, but he looked on when Harry Wells courted her, trying to think he should be happy if she married and was happy with his rival; crushing back his own ardent, unselfish love into hopeless, sad sorrow.

Which did Madge prefer? She knew these men loved her. Lawrence had never spoken, yet with a woman's quick instinct she felt his love. She flirted gayly with Harry, rode with him, walked with him, accepted his attentions; yet, with a perfectly frank, easy manner, she kept a wall of ice between Harry and herself; and while he could not tell what prevented him, he still felt that he had best not tempt his fortune yet. She was not so free with Lawrence.—Gay, laughing, and radiant, she had a pretty, shy manner when alone with him. He attributed it to his own ten years seniority, and longed for the frank, girlish manner she exhibited toward Harry; yet, when he conversed with her, drawing out the treasures of a well-stored mind, and a pure, womanly heart, hidden under her gay manner, he sighed to think how great was the treasure he coveted. Sometimes he wished poverty could come to his employer, that he might gather his treasure close to his heart, shield her from every sorrow, and prove in adversity his great love. Under the grave reserve of his manner, none suspected this burning passion. None? Madge did!

It was the evening of the ball. Merrier laughter was never heard, brighter blushes never seen, than those in Mr. Carlton's parlor, on the evening of the leap year ball. A gay group of young people was collected near the hostess, who was the brightest jeweler there.—Lawrence watched her from his corner where he stood toying with some ornaments upon the mantle-piece. Harry was, as usual in such scenes, close beside her.

"Miss Carlton," said Mr. Harding, one of the group around Madge, "there is one condition in your invitation not complied with."

"Indeed! Rebellion in his camp must be put down! What is it?"

"The ladies to no make love to us."

"No, they do not!" echoed several of the gentlemen.

"Shocking! Do they want an example? Mr Harding, will you take my arm for a promenade?"

Mr Harding looked down from his six foot height to the tiny little witch beside him, and then offered *his* arm.

"No, take mine! Mr. Harding!" a sigh.

"Miss Carlton, are you ill?"

"No," another sigh. "Not ill when you smile upon me!" Everybody laughed at Madge's pretended love-making.

"Ladies!" said Madge, "take your partners for the first quadrille."

There was plenty of blushing and some pouting, as one or two of the most fascinating beaux pleaded prior engagements on a third or fourth invitation from some fair ones. Who would Madge choose? Harry, of course!—Lawrence was watching her little figure flitting from guest to guest, finding places for dancers, and with merry grace putting bashful folks at ease, introducing couples, prompting timid girls, carrying smiles everywhere, leaving a streak of sunshine wherever she went. She stood before him. The smile died out, and she blushed crimson.

"Mr Hays, shall I have the pleasure of dancing the first quadrille with you?"

Lawrence bowed, offered his arm, and led her to a place. He thought,

"This is her duty-dance. She knows I am grave, and would not win the admiration of the gay beauties here, so her kind heart prompts her to dance once with me."

Harry was Madge's next partner; then Lawrence again; then again three times, but others came between, and Lawrence sighed as he noticed how gay and chatty she was with others, how timid, quiet, and reserved with him.

The evening sped on, it was quite late, and par of the guests had taken their departure. Some, however, yet lingered, dancing in the large parlor. In a little library on the same floor as the ball room, Lawrence was sitting alone, when a fairy-like figure stood before him.

"Truant!" said Madge, "what are you doing here?"

"Have *you* missed me?" There was a deep thrill in his heart, a tremor in his voice.

"Oh!" said Madge gayly, 'you wish to remind me of my omission. I have danced with you, handed you ices, sent you a bouquet, but I have not made love to you. Shall I begin?"

There was a deep silence. The merry words she had used to many of her guests failed Madge now. His eyes were fixed upon her sorrowfully, lovingly. She softly crept up close to him saying in a low tone.

"Lawrence!"

He started back.

"No! no! do not trifle with me! do not make a jest of my love! My love! Oh! Madge, do not tempt me to——" A strong man was Lawrence, but a great, choking sob interrupted him.

"Do you love me, Lawrence?"

"Love you! Madge! Madge, I have loved you for seven years better than my life!"

She still crept closer to him, till her bright head was pillowed on his broad chest. Was it still a jest, a girlish freak?

'Lawrence! Lawrence!"

It was leap year, and she nestled close to him as, daring his fate, he poured out the full flood of his love in strong, burning words and the merry heart was bound to his, the tiny form was clasped close in his arms, the words of love were echoed at the ball given in LEAP YEAR.

"Closed on account of a Death in the Family."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

We paused a moment to read these words, as we passed by. They were written on a piece of paper and affixed to the window of a grocery store somewhere in the great heart of the city which we have called home for a year.

And these words on that narrow slip of paper were like keys opening into new doors and passages of our thoughts, and they were like a chime of bells swinging to and fro in the air above us, as we went on our way.

Of whom was it written, that brief, solemn, final sentence, which must alone close the chapters of all lives—the highest and the lowest? and where was the home whose windows were darkened and the voice of whose music was hushed under that fearful mystery—"*a death* in the family!" And who was dead? Was it a little child, a well spring of gladness suddenly ceased in the household?

Was it all gone—the patter, patter of its little feet as it went about its play—the small head with its golden rings of hair, fluttering now here, now there, as a sunbeam flutters around a room, chased and driven by the restless shadows, the sweet laugh, which gurgled out suddenly for joy, and was caught up and hidden in other voices, which only laughed for joy of the child's and the little, teasing, cunning, frolicsome, sweet ways—were these all gone? and was that what it meant, this "*death in the family?*"

Was it lying ill and white in some darkened parlor, the little, half-worn shoes at the head of the cradle, and the scarlet dress with the white apron flung across the foot; were the little, dainty, fluttering hands folded cold and waxen on its breast—the little hands that used to flutter up every night for joy when its father came home, while the small lips would be lifted up and crow out for joy at his kiss—was the baby lying there, the dimpled cheeks, so still and frozen that the mother could not even fold it up and hide it in her bosom, and warm it with her kisses back into life?

And to-day they must lay it down to its last sleep, not on soft pillows, with dainty coverlets drawn over its dimpled shoulders, knowing that in an hour or two there would be a new resurrection from the cradle of gladness and beauty; but laid down on another pillow that would never yield to the pressure of the soft head, while the tender hands of April should fold its green coverlet over the fair limbs, and aching hearts and tearful eyes should go away from the little heap of earth to the desolate home of which it was written, *death in the family*?

Or, may be it was of the mother, that this was written. The patient, loving face, the gentle voice, the soft footfalls—all gone! and oh! what a blank and darkness was there in the family now!

There was her low chair in its old place by the table, with the workbasket by it, but no little children could climb up with tears into her lap and be hugged to her heart a few minutes, and find such comfort and healing there that they came down full of smiles and gladness—no soft stealing up the stairs to see that the little limbs were snugly "tucked in"—no mother to tell some pleasant story before bedtime, and say in her soft, coaxing way, "just ten minutes longer, father," when the clock struck eight, and the eager voices pleaded for only one more little story.'

No mother to unfasten the knots and draw off the mittens, and remove the tippets when the children came in from school tired and cold. No mother to run to with every grief or gladness, always ready to hear, and patient, and sympathetic, and forgiving; no mother to make all troubles smooth, to soothe all sorrows, to explain, and comfort and heal all difficulties.

There she was lying, with her frozen face and silent lips, and her little children clustering with wondering, frightened faces about her, but the ear that always thrilled to their lightest call would never wake again, the lips that were always brimming over with sweet caresses, would never drop into smiles again—the little children would never find 'mother,' any more!

Death in the family! May be it was a brother, the pride and hope of the household, just in the glow and strength of his free, careless boyhood, while the boughs of his life were full of sweet singing birds, and the joy of blossoms, and lo! the storm came suddenly, and [illegible] was brought low.

Or may hap it was a sister, just blossoming into the grace and beauty of womanhood, a 'sweet hearth flower,' whose fragrance filled the household, and whose future was full of promise as a summer morning when it rises out from the east and walks upon the mountains, and the winds swing their great censors of perfume before it, and the birds commence its sweet service, for just as was her dawn, just so fair did its sunshine and sweet songs prophecy her day, but death made ready his bow, and for her too is the hard pillow and the green quilting which the spring shall draw over it.

Or perhaps this *'death in the family,'* came to one whose years were ripe as the fruit the wind shakes from its boughs in October, one who sat bowed and wrinkled, 'waiting patiently,' by the fireside, with the snows of life bleaching the gray hairs thickly as the snows of winter bleach the hills outside.

And so these thoughts rung to and fro, like a solemn dirge rung by bells in the air around us; and suddenly, in the midst of this, there floated, like a sweet silver chime, the promise, 'in my Father's house are many mansions.'

And we remembered, too, that the windows of those 'homes' were never closed, that the voice of their music was never hushed because of the shadow dropping over the threshold. Oh 'many mansions,' whose fair gardens border the banks of the River of Life, whose windows look off to the Eternal hills, and under whose shining roofs are gathered the families of the Redeemer—it is never written on thy portals, it is never whispered under thine arches of eternal beauty, *'closed on account of a death in the family.'*

Humorous.

HOW IKE GOT INTO THE SHOW.

Itinerant circuses and menageries were much in vogue last summer.—The quiet village of Dikeville, metropolis of the beautiful and fertile Squatchee Valley, is so surrounded by impassible mountain barriers that heretofore it had never been honored by a 'show.'

Isaac Brumbly (commonly called Ike) is a denizen of this same valley, or, rather, of one of those wild ravines, or 'hollows' that open into the valley.—Ike is a character of Nimrod notoriety. The farthest range of his travels extends only to the village of Dikeville aforesaid—to which place he makes semi-occasional trips, with a few coon-skins or a couple of venison hams, which he barters for coffee, tobacco, and, I am sorry to say, an occasional dram.

On one of these visits what was Ike's astonishment and admiration to see the fences, shops, and every available perpendicular space blazing with gorgeous show-bills: men and monkeys, lions and tigers, elephants and horses, in such endless variety and brilliant coloring, wrought wonderfully on Ike's imagination. He was forthwith seized and possessed of an irresistible desire to see "the show," and could hardly wait the due course of time for it to come.

Full twenty-four hours before the time, Ike was at hand, and, to the astonishment of his acquaintances, had the requisite half dollar *in specie*. Ike found many of his boon companions there likewise, and, being a generous soul, to beguile the impatient hours, he, in an unthoughtful moment, broached his half and "treated" the company. One dime gone and one dram drank, he was oblivious of consequences.—The night as well as Ike's "change" was merrily spent.

Next morning our hero waked up sober, and alas! to the sad consciousness that he was *minus* the wherewith to get into the show. Happily, however, his temperament was not of the despairing kind, and, fertile in expedient, he set to solving the problem of chances. While yet in this brown study, the van wagons of the show, laden with the equipment, the beams, ropes and canvas for spreading the pavilion, came up and began to unload on the green. Ike went boldly up to one of the drivers and accosted him; "Hello, friend, are you the *boss* of this show?"

The driver, with a shrug and a side glance at his companions, answered that "he was the manager and proprietor."

"I rekin," continued Ike, "you'll need some help 'bout diggin' your ring and raisin' your house."

"Guess we will."

"I'm a fust-rate hand, and kin help you, providin' you let me in *free*."

"Very well," said the driver, "that's a bargain."

Ike forthwith "shed his linen," and faithfully performed his part of the contract. Especially efficient was he in wielding a heavy wooden maul, used to drive the stakes for the ropes and rigging.

The pavilion was soon spread, and Ike awaited calmly and confidently for the time. The door was at length opened, and our friend was among the first applicants for admission.

"Where's your ticket?"

[illegible] worked my way in."

"You can't come in" said the doorkeeper.

In vain Ike remonstrated, and urged his contract with "the boss." His eloquence fell on heedless ears.

Although naturally of a peaceful disposition, Ike was just then in a fit mood to commit a felony. Stung with a sense of the injustice done him, furious with rage and disappointment, he strode round to the back of the pavilion, where his eyes chanced to fall on the maul aforesaid. He seized the maul, and would perhaps have pounded out his own brains had not another object on which to wreak his vengeance presented itself.

Hannibal, the elephant, happened to be secured just inside the canvas, opposite to where the enraged Ike stood outside. Hannibal stood with his head toward the centre, and his rear pressing against the canvas made a very visible protuberance on the outside. Ike let drive a furious blow at his hump—Hannibal stepped forward, but forgetting, soon got back against the canvas. Ike stood ready, and, with redoubled force, struck the elephant such a blow as made even his ponderous proportions tremble. The elephant becoming restive under such pounding, and in surging to and fro went against the canvas and tore it loose from its fastenings at the ground.

At this time a showman (the same that had hired Ike,) ignorant of the cause of Hannibal's unusual movements, saw the rent in the canvas and hastened to repair the damage. Finding the canvas torn loose from its fastenings to the ground, he *stooped* to set the stakes and tie the ropes. In so doing, he unfortunately got against the canvas when Ike, seeing the protuberance, concentrated all his strength into a blow which sent the showman, turning summersaults, to the far side of the ring.

These repeated accidents led to inquiry, and Ike was found and duly escorted into the centre of the show, a distinction he had fairly earned.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A SOUTHWESTERN LAWYER writes: "Among the many well-told stories of brother Mc'D—— one of the brightest ornaments of our bar, he relates as follows:

"A Virginian, visiting Texas for the purpose of purchasing lands, fell into the company of one Smith, in Western Texas, who had a quantity of (very poor) land for sale. Knowing that his customer would not buy the land if he examined it, he hit upon a plan to sell both the Virginian and the land at once without sight.

A heavy rain occuring soon after the arrival of the Virginian to look at the land, causes the streams to be so swollen that they cannot cross. Mr. Smith goes to his neighbor Jones, explains the circumstances and his necessities. Next day, by a *singular circumstance*, Smith and the Virginian, on their way to look at the land, find the streams so swollen that it would be dangerous to attempt a passage. While hesitating, neighbor Jones comes up (by accident, of course,) whereupon the following dialogue ensues:

"SMITH. "Glad to see you, Jones. Came with this gentleman to show him my land. Wants to buy, but we can't get across the creek."

"JONES. "Wa'al, no use going to look at the land *pertickilar*."

"SMITH. "You've seen the land, neighbor. Tell this gentleman what you know of it."

"JONES. "Wa'al, in the first place, it's nice level land. In the northeast corner there's a nice neck of timber, the best timber hereabouts. Then all thro' the tract you'll find nice streams; land's very rich; grape vines and paw-paws growin' all around; and in fact neighbor Smith, the poorest thing you can find on the tract is buffalo chips."

SMITH. "(*drawing a long breath.*) Neighbor Jones, let's take a drink; and *you say that agin, and say it slow!*"

It is unnecessary to say that the Virginian purchased the land.

A wicked wag at our bar, one Sam S——, while in the trial of a case at our last term, having the above fresh in his memory, perpetrated a joke on a brother lawyer associated in the case, as follows:

"On the examination in chief Dan drew some evidence which he deemed important from a witness. Sam, leaning over to Dan (who had never heard the story,) says "Dan, tell him to *say it agin and say it slow*." Whereupon Dan, in his earnest manner, says, Dr. Kob, say that again and say it slow."

The laugh that afterward followed, at Dan's expense, may be imagined. *Harper's Magazine.*

THREE POETS IN A PUZZLE.—I led the horse to the stable when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty, but after many strenuous attempts I could not remove the collar. In despair I called for assistance when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise, but after several unsuccessful efforts he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether insurmountable. Coleridge showed no more grooming skill than his predecessors, for after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation, and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (gout or dropsy) since the collar was put on for he said, "It was downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar!" Just at this moment a servant girl came near; understanding the cause of our consternation; "La, master," said she, "you don't go to work the right way. You should do this," when, turning the collar completely up side down she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not attained.—*Life of Coleridge.*

MRS. SQUIBOB ON WHIST.—Old Mrs. Squibob, of Arkansas is a most inveterate whist-player. Her pastor on a late occasion undertook to convey to Mrs. S the idea that possibly the practice of whist playing was not altogether in the strictest accordance with the profession of a Christian, and to say the least, its indulgence caused a great loss of time. "Yes," responded the old lady, "I have noticed that very often much more time than is actually necessary is taken up in *shuffling and dealing!*"

An old clergyman, one Sunday at the close of his sermon, gave notice to the congregation that in the course of the week he expected to go on a mission to the heathen. One of the deacons in great agitation exclaimed:

"Why my dear sir, you have never told us one word of this before. What shall we do?"

"O brother," said the pastor, "I do not expect to go out of town."

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES.—"You say Mrs. Smith, that you have lived with the defendent eight years. Does the Court understand from this that you are married to him?' 'In course it does.' 'Have you a marriage certificate?' 'Yes, yer honor, three on 'em, two gals and a boy.'

SINCE the Diamond Wedding it has been proposed that an application be made to the High Court of Love to have the name of Cupid changed to Cupidity.

FORCING THE SEASON.—A lady is said to be beauly beautiful when attired in a full set of sable, otter and lynx skins. It is a remarkable thing, in connection with this subject, how much sooner the weather sets in "bitter cold" to those furnished with handsome furs, than to those not so fortunate.

AN old maker, Down East, accounts for his "everlasting thirstiness" by the fact that he was weaned on salt fish.

MRS. PARTINGTON says that Louis Napoleon is succeeding beyond her most sanguine expectorations.

Anecdote of Matthews.

This celebrated comedian stepped into an auction room one night on his way home. "Who bids more?" called aloud the auctioneer. "I bid more," cried a voice from the far end of the crowd. "And pray, sir, what do you bid?" "I bid you good night," said Matthews, and bolted. The auction room was in a roar that time.

A SMART CHAP.—Hulloh, driver, your wheel is going round,' sang out a little urchin to a cart-driver, who was driving furiously through the street, the other day. Carty pulled up and looked anxiously, first on one side and then on the other. "You needn't look now, it's stopped!" coolly added the provoking little rascal.

An Englishman said to Dr. Thomson "You have no coal, and it is this which gives England its manufacturing importance.' The doctor replied. "We are not entirely destitute of coal; we have one small bed, called the coal bed of Illinois, which is larger than the whole of England. If you will wait until we scoop it out, and then bring your island over, we will drop it in and *annex you*."

One of our smart city urchins hearing his father read an article in the paper in relation to a new invention of bricks of glass, exclaimed; "Glass bricks—I know what them is." "What are they?" inquired one of the family. "Tumblers of liquor," shouted the juvenile.

"I stand on the platform of my party, and palsied be my arm if I ever stand on anything else."

"No you don't," interrupted a little shoemaker in the crowd; "you stand in my boots, and I want the money for them."

A FAR SEEING teetotaler being asked the meaning of syntax, wittingly replied: The tax one has to pay for getting drunk!

YANKEE IMPUDENCE.—A few days belonging to the Military Academy at West Point, went down to Woolwich and calmly walked into the Arsenal and onward without impediment. He visited all the establishments, strolled into the Armstrong gun factory, examined the mechanism of the piece, leisurely noted everything that was worthy of being seen, and then made his exit without any interruption till he was just out, when some one remonstrated with him on finding he had no proper authority for his researches. He has a perfect knowledge of the whole of the principles and details of the manufacture of the Armstrong gun, and he thinks "we'll improve it very much in the States."—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

Farm and Household.

Rules For Selecting Trees.

There is nothing more easily understood than the proper rules by which fruit and ornamental trees should be selected from the nursery rows; but the error most generally committed is in choosing large specimens, which cost much more than they are worth. Were we about to plant an orchard of choice fruit, the ages of the trees purchased by us would be: Apples two years, pears two years, peaches one year, cherries one or two years, plums two years. All from the graft or bed. Rather than have trees older than two years, we would prefer them one year, and for the reason that such small plants are easily taken up with nearly all their small fibrous roots.

TO PREVENT COWS FROM KICKING.—Mr. Smith, of Saratoga County, New York, says he subdues refractory cows thus; "Take a rope or leather strap, eighteen inches long, and fasten the two ends firmly together. Raise the fore leg of the animal, upon the side of the milker, and bending the foot back upon the leg, slip the strap or rope over the knee joint, so that the animal cannot get her foot upon the ground. This will prevent the possibility of the cow's kicking, for, to raise either hind foot, she must stand upon *both* fore feet. When properly adjusted the pail is safe."

Decay in Timber.

We learn from the *Cosmos* that a simple method has been adopted in the shipyards of Venice, from time immemorial, for testing the soundness of the timber. A person applies his ear to one of the ends of the timber, while another strikes upon the opposite end. If the wood is sound, and of good quality, the blow is very distinctly heard, however long the beam may be. If the wood was disaggregated by decay or otherwise, the sound would be for the most part destroyed.

PREVENTIVE AGAINST RATS.—A farmer in the neighborhood of Lyons, France, recommends a plan for saving ricks of corn, and hay from the ravages of rats and mice, which he says, he has practiced with success for several years. It consists of placing in different parts of the ricks the stalks of wild mint. Which is a poison for these vermin.

Miscellaneous.

NEW POSTAGE LAW.—The following is the new letter law in relation to the return of uncalled for letters to the post office: "That any person shall endorse on any letter his or her name and place of residence, as writer thereof, the same after remaining uncalled for at the office to which it is directed thirty days, or the time the writer may direct shall be returned by mail to said writer; and no such letters shall be advertised, nor shall the same be treated as dead letters, until returned to the post office of the writer and there remain uncalled for one quarter.

MYSTERIES OF EVERY SIZE.—The world is full of mysteries. The chamber in which the infant opens its eyes is a universe of mysteries. The father's voice, the mother's smile, reveal to it slowly the mysterious world of the affections. The child solves many of these mysteries; but as the circle of knowledge is enlarged, its vision is always bounded by a veil of mystery.—The sun that wakens it at morning, and again at night looks in at its window to bid it farewell, the tree that shades its home, and in whose branches the birds come and sing before the dews are dry, the clouds with shining edges that move across the sky, calm and stately like the chariot of an angel, all are mysteries. Nay, to grow up a man there is not a thing which the hand touches, or on which the eye rests, which is not enveloped in mystery. The power that spring at your feet—who has revealed the wonderful secret of its organization? Its roots shoots down, and leaf and flower rise up and expand into the infinite abyss of mystery. We are like emigrants travelling through an unknown stream; they feed their horses, set up their tent, and build a fire; and as the flames rise up, all within the circle of a few rods around is distinct and clear in its light. But beyond and bounding this are rocks dimly seen and to the blase; and beyond the branches creak, and the waters murmur over their beds; and wild, unknown animals howl in the dark realms of night and silence. Such is the light of man's knowledge, and so it is bounded by the infinate realms of mystery.

MUSIC.—There is something very wonderful in music. Words are wonderful enough, but music is even more wonderful. It speaks to our thoughts as words do; it speaks straight to our heart—to the very core and root of our souls. Music soothes us, stirs us up, it puts noble feelings into us; it melts us to tears, we know not how; it is a language by itself, just as perfect in its way as speech, as words; just as blessed.—Music, I say, without words, is wonderful and blessed—one of God's best gifts to man. But in singing, you have both the wonders together—music and word. Singing speaks at once to the head and to the heart, to our feelings; and therefore, perhaps, the most beautiful way in which the reasonable soul of man can show itself (except, of course, doing *right*, which always is, and always will be, the most beautiful thing) is singing.—*Chas. Kingsley.*

VALUE OF PRECIOUS STONES.—The finest varieties of sapphire come from Peru, where they occur in the Caprelon Mountains, near Syriam. The red variety, the ruby, is most highly valued. Its color is between a bright scarlet and crimson. A perfect ruby, above three and a half carats, is more valuable than a diamond of the same weight. If it weigh one carat it is worth $52; two carats, $200; three carats, $780; six carats, $52,000.—A deep colored ruby, exceeding twenty carats in weight is generally called a carbuncle. The largest oriental ruby known to be in the world was brought from China to Prince Gargarin, Governor of Siberia; it came afterward into the possession of Prince Menchikoff, and constitutes now a jewel in the imperial crown of Russia. A good blue sapphire of ten carats is valued at $260; it weighs twenty carats, its value is $1,040, but under ten carats, the price may be estimated by multiplying the square of its weight in carats into a quarter eagle. The sapphire of Brazil is merely a tourmaline, as its specific gravity and inferior hardness show.—White sapphires are sometimes so pure that when properly cut and polished they have been passed for diamonds. The yellow and green sapphires are much prized under the names of oriental topaz and emerald. The specimens which exhibit these colors associated in one stone are highly prized.

The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years amounts to forty nine thousand hours, or three years one hundred and twenty one days and sixteen hours, which will afford eight hours a day for exactly ten years, which is the same as if ten years were added to a man's life.

About the only person we ever heard of who was not spoiled by being lionized, was a Jew named Bissel.